

Eng. Poetry vol 22.

Love and Resentment :

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PASTORAL.

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Love and Respectment:

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PASTORAL.



*Agrestem tenui meditabor arundine musam,
——— Neque est ignobile carmen.*

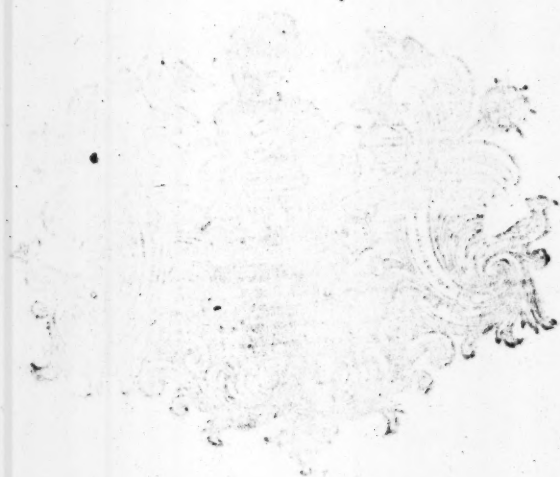
Virg.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. Burleigh in Amen-Corner; and Arrabella
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Price 6 d. *April.*

Love and Reverence;



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Judg
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TO THE
READER.

SINCE all agree Pastoral to be chief of the smaller Poetry ; it may be observ'd with regret, how unsteady Men are in their Judgment of it, and what different Methods they take in their Writings of this kind. Some affect a Clownish (not to say Brutish) Manner, in a mean uncleanly Stile ; and if the Reader is offended, as justly he may, they haughtily send
A 2 him

To the READER.

him to consult THEOCRITUS, the original of this kind of Writing; who, Rustick as he is, will not justify them in their groveling Sentiments and low Ribaldry. VIRGIL, who was certainly well acquainted with rural Life, and knew what Nations a Countryman might be supposed to have, was himself an Imitator of THEOCRITUS; but let any Man observe the Stile in which the judicious Poet makes his Shepherds speak, and he will find how little he follow'd his Master in that particular; for VIRGIL'S Eclogues are generally written in as pure Latin, and all free harmonious Numbers, as any even that very polite Age produc'd; and in him the Sicilian Muse *Aliquando majora canebat*. We have another sort of Pastoral Writers, who profess to take the middle Course, and Steer betwixt THEOCRITUS

and

To the READER.

gi- and VIRGIL; imitating in part the ru-
u- tick Manners of the one, and the clean-
eir ly Diction of the other, and these, I think,
ry. have succeeded best in this kind of Wri-
nt- ting; and particularly one Author, who
o- has publish'd Pastorals very natural and
ed entertaining; nor dare I say, they are
IE- a little over-season'd with some antiqua-
thet Words and Phrases. But what shall
kes we say to a third sort of Writers, who
nd have of late puzzled their few Readers
hat with such a senseless Jargon, that whilst
are they pretend to copy Nature, which is
nd all free, clear, and open, they appear to
hat very sober Mind, run Mad in a fond-
Si- self for Obscurity? Yet I own they want
bat not Simplicity; their Notions are simple
ri- enough; nor do they, nor perhaps can
ld they, make their Swains speak too know-
r- ingly; but then they have heard from
and an

To the READER.

an Ingenious Writer, that Shepherdsong must not speak the Language of the Mall Obfc to avoid which, these unhappy Friends parts to plainness have form'd a Language A peculiar to themselves, compos'd of alay'd the odd Words and low Expressions he f which the Cant or Ignorance of our sejour' veral Shires can furnish; and these haveyma they mix'd in such a manner, that onwain dull Line may be understood in Kent Man the Sense of another guess'd at in Cornarts, wall, and the whole intelligible to no are Man. I suspect these Authors to bile, in League with some Bookseller, whose W is publishing a Vocabulary of rustickan to and antiquated Words; but I assure I ha them, the Project will never take; for like that gloomy Race of Men, who most ad Ter mire, what they least understand, are culpabl late so little esteem'd, that they can null no longe

To the **READER**

no longer recommend a Book purely for its
all Obscurity. Nor will the naughty Up-
starts of our Times proceed to unriddle
an Author, when they find he has stu-
died nothing, but to be perplexing. In
the following Pastoral, I have endea-
vour'd to distinguish betwixt the Coun-
treyman and the Clown; and to make my
characters speak of Things obvious to every
Man of plain Sense and good natural
parts, with such Passions and Sentiments
as are common to Mankind; and for their
style, I think it much better they shou'd
use Words familiar to all our People,
than to be so very arch at the obsolete.
I have made them talk of any Thing
likely to be understood by them, or
Terms too refin'd, I shall own my self
culpable; if not, I hope the Judicious
will not blame me for avoiding the ne-
cessity

To the READER.

cessity of Marginal Notes, and will be
so indulgent to this Essay, as to pre-
fer it to those pragmatical Writings
which employ too much of the Reader's
Time to so little Purpose.

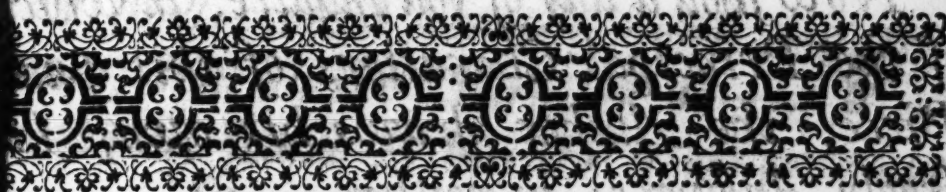


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To the LADIES.



TO THE

LADIES.

Among all the shining Qualities, with which you are adorn'd, none can endear you more to an Author, than that laudable Curiosity, so peculiar to your engaging Sex; for He that writes without a curious Reader, is as destitute, as a Lady without Admirers.

B

Now

To the LADIES.

Now shou'd any of you inquire, in which of the Principal Characters of this small Piece, the Author draws his own, He freely Answers; in neither.

For as even your bright Eyes never yet reduc'd him to the deplorable Circumstance of a dying AMYNTAS; so he regards you with much more tender Sentiments than the injur'd THYRSIS.

MICON indeed, seems to give his Opinion with a good deal of Ill-nature; but perhaps the long Harangue had made him Peevish: And, you well know, 'tis very provoking, to hear others ingross the Discourse, without giving us leave to put in a Word.

To the LADIES.

I shall content my self with an Assurance, that all the Characters hinted at are frequently found within the Limits of this spacious Island; and shall think my Labour well bestow'd, if thereby any constant AMYNTAS finds better Usage, or Satyrical THYRSIS less Cause to Rail.

Love

To the LADIES.

I shall content my self with an Assurance, that all the Characters hinted at are frequently found within the Limits of this spacious Island; and shall think my Labour well bestowed, if thereby any constant Admirer finds better Usage, or Satisfaction than is left to the Care of the Rail.

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For glo

Love and Resentment :

A

PASTORAL.

THYRSIS, AMYNTAS, MICON.

THYRSIS.

Unkindly leaving the delightful Plains,
The Buxom Maidens, and the sportive Swains;
Why sits *AMYNTAS* in this lonely Shade,
For gloomy Thought, and dull Retirement made?

C

What

What means this clouded Brow, this down-cast Eye?

Why does thy Pipe thus un-reguarded Lie?

That jolly Pipe, which, manag'd by thy Art,

Ne'er fails to win a beauteous Virgin's Heart;

While Rival Shepherds, by thy Skill out-done,

Their own hard Fate in thy Success bemoan.

Come, Happy Youth! The Nymphs expecting stay,

Without thy Prefence there can be no May,

For all refuse to Dance, unless *AMTNTAS* Play.

AMTNTAS.

When Spring full-blown, with all Her gay Delights,

The laughing Couples to the Green invites;

Where jocund Song and nimble Dance go round,

What Place, Alas! is for the Wretched found?

No sprightly Note from me expect to hear,

But sounds of Grief, ungrateful to thy Ear;

The

A PASTORAL.

3

When urge not, *THRSIS*, an afflicted Swain,
To sing his Sorrows in a mournful Strain. 20

THRSIS.

What mighty Loss, young Shepherd, what Disgrace,
Breaks in that piteous Tone, that dismal Face?

Does some mishap thy Fav'rite Ewe betide,
Or the twin younglings Sporting by her Side? 25

Does *PHYLLIS* frown, or has the *Eastern* Wind

Lighted the Roses for her Hair design'd?

If less Evils can procure thy Woe,

From small Cause these sad complainings flow ;

Some new Love, some Wonder, Chast and Fair, 30

Has left thy fond Heart, and left Thee to despair?

C 2

AMTN-

A PASTORAL.

AMTNTAS.

Thy childish Wit, this ill-tim'd Mirth refrain,
 Nor add thy Follies to increase my Pain;
 Go vent thy Jests, and make thy awkward Sport,
 Where noisie Girls, and senseless Clowns resort;
 Where Trifles please, some idle Tale rehearse,
 Or raise loud Laughter by thy wanton Verse.
 Not one grave Lesson hast Thou ever sung,
 No serious Word did e'er escape thy Tongue.

THYRSIS.

Insulting Swain! Thus let thy Skill be shown;
 My Songs deride not, but correct thy Own;
 Nor think, because thy Pipe the Prize obtain'd,
 When I and DAPHNIS, the mean Strife disdain

A PASTORAL.

Thou, unchastiz'd, shalt thy own Umpire sit!

No — Thou shalt sing, t' expose thy want of Wit. 45

AMYN TAS.

'Tis wisely said — “ A Fool will not be taught,
“ His late Experience must be dearly bought;
And since th' Event may thy Behaviour mend,
For once, the *Thrash* and chatt'ring *Pye* contend.

THYRSIS.

Thy Words suit well with thy accustom'd Pride; 50
But, where the Proverb is with Truth apply'd,
Let *MICON* judge, and know thou shalt not long
Enjoy thy Dreams. — Begin thy Boasted Song.

AMTA

AMYN TAS.

I sing *NEÆR A*, the disdainful Fair,
 A Love-sick Shepherd, and his endless Care; 55
 Ye *Western* Gales, with soft *complaining*, blow;
 Ye gliding Streams, in murm'ring Confort, flow.

How blest my State! When with the dawning Light,
 Refresh'd by Slumbers of a peaceful Night,
 My little Flock I to the Plain did guide; 60
 (My Faithful Dog attending by my Side.)
 There, as they, roving, cull'd their springing Food,
 My watchful Eye their wand'ring Steps pursu'd;
 Sometimes a Song employ'd my tuneful Voice,
 My mellow Pipe anon my various Choice; 65
 And while sweet Sounds my skilful Touch obey'd,
 The frolick Lambs their wanton Gambols play'd.

Thus,

A PASTORAL.

7

Thus, with Content, I pass'd the cheerful Day;

And, when the Sun withdrew his kindly Ray,

My bleating Ewes conducted to the Fold,

And hous'd their Young, secure from Midnight Cold;

To *PHILLIS* then some Rural Strain address;

She, sweetly smiling, her Delight confest.

Ah! Wretched Youth — where is thy Fancy led;

Thy Grief is present, and thy Joys are fled?

The lovely Maid for whom I sigh in vain,

Now spreads her Glories thro' th' admiring Plain;

Resistless Beauties in her Face combine,

In ev'ry Part resistless Graces shine;

And all, by turns, engage the ravish'd Sight,

With equal Wonder, and with new Delight.

So

A PASTORAL.

So when the op'ning Spring her Treasure yields,
And Nature's Gifts enrich the smiling Fields;
The curious Eye the vary'd Scene surveys,
And still new Joy the grateful Search repays;
Here the Carnation by the Lilly grows,
There the gay Tulip and the blushing Rose;
Pinks mixt with Cowslips raise their tender Heads,
And Purple Violets run along the Meads.

Loft in Amaze, the Fair I trembling view,
And pleasing Ruin in her Eyes pursue;
Then, bolder grown, I seek the beauteous Prize;
For He deserves his Fate, who silent Dies.
In tuneful Numbers, I confess my Flame,
And grace my Song with bright *Neera's* Name;
With Tears and Sighs I join the am'rous Tale;
Ah, Cruel Maid! Nor Sighs nor Tears prevail!

A PASTORAL.

My ardent Vows she hears with cold Disdain,

Laughs at my Suff'ring, and derides my Pain.

Yet fairest Maids the strongest Passions prove, 100

And Beauty ever was a Friend to Love.

Some happier Shepherd, of her Heart possess,

Finds sweet Repose on her relenting Breast.

Tormenting Thought! — Who can the Grief express,

When a lov'd Mistress does a Rival bless? 105

THYRSIS.

I sing *LTCORIS*, the inconstant Fair,

Who kindly eas'd me of a Lover's Care;

Ye Winds at once from ev'ry Quarter blow,

Ye wanton Streams, with endless Windings, flow.

A Slave to Love, and bright *LTCORIS* Eyes, 110

yield my Heart her conqu'ring Beauty's Prize;

D

My

My Joy, my Grief, depended on her Breath ;
A Smile transported, and a Frown was Death.
No more the Swains with rural Pastime please,
Her Presence only can afford me ease;
A diff'rent Garb my Looks and Actions wear;
My Words I frame to sooth a Maiden's Ear ;
Try ev'ry Art that may Compassion move,
And trace, unwearied, the soft Paths of Love.
T'adorn her Head I flow'ry Wreaths prepare,
And mix gay Pansies with her shining Hair.
To please her Taste, I rob the painful Bee,
And golden Fruit pluck from the bending Tree.
Medlers full-ripe, thro' all the Woods I seek,
And ruddy Wildings, blushing like her Cheek.
When, flying Mid-day Sun's ungentle heat,
Some friendly Shade we make our cool Retreat ;

A PASTORAL

In Songs of soft Complaint my Voice I raise;
 The Ecchoing Grove resounds the melting Lays,
 While jolly *Throstles* stretch their tuneful Throats,
 And warbling *Linnets* join their softer Notes.
 Sometimes the willing Fair I fondly led,
 Where in green Meads my fleecy Charge I fed.
 See lovely Nymph! This little Flock is mine;
 Smile on the Shepherd, and the Sheep are thine.
THYRSIS, She cry'd, thy Flock wou'd tempt in vain,
 Did not some stronger Pow'r thy Cause maintain;
 If viewing these I any Pleasure take,
 My Blushes own 'tis for their Master's Sake;
 Be constant, *THYRSIS*, nor deceive a Maid,
 Thy winning Arts have to Love's Snare betray'd.
 With suddain Joy, I snatcht her to my Breast,
 And thus the Transport of my Soul exprest.

When Youth and Beauty, Innocence and Love,
 Invite his stay, where shou'd the Shepherd rove 145
 Thro' flow'ry Vales, while Rivers Sea-ward tend,
 While, toss'd by Winds, the crackling Flames ascend;
 While thirsty Herds refreshing Streams pursue,
 So long, *LTCORIS*, will thy Swain be True,
 Sweetly confus'd, she rais'd her bending Head, 150
 And in soft Accents, thus my Vows repaid;
 While cheerful Day succeeds the gloomy Night,
 And rising *Larks* salute the Morning Light;
 While *Nightingales* frequent the shady Grove,
 Will blest *LTCORIS* her true *THYRSIS* Love. 155

And now my Song, let youthful Swains attend,
 And taught by me, on Female Vows depend.

MOERIS, whose Flock the spacious Meadow spreads

Where yon tall Elms advance their lofty Heads,

With

With longing Eyes, the fair Inticer views,

And, roughly fond, with aukward Love pursues.

Shall MOERIS then; shall he, the Lubbard Swain,

Whose clownish Mein makes Sport for all the Plain;

Who ne'er one Lesson cou'd compose a-right,

Whose screaming Pipe does his own Sheep affright;

Shall He contend for bright LUCORIS Love?

In faithless Maid! And shall successful prove.

The Lowing Herds perform the Lover's part,

And bleating Flocks soften the Virgin's Heart.

Her Vows forgotten mix with flitting Air,

And joyful MOERIS clasps th' inconstant Fair;

While in her Fault I this Improvement find;

A Woman is never to her Int'rest blind.

AMTA

001

AMTNTAS.

My Love rejected, and my Vows in vain,
 Oppress'd with Sorrow, I forsake the Plain;
 With weary Steps, the pathless Desert tread,
 Till Grief conducted to this gloomy Shade:
 Where spreading Yews exclude the cheerful Light,
 And Birds of Omen seek continual Night;
 Where boding Howlets, shuning Day, repair,
 And flutt'ring Reremice fan the dusky Air.
 Nor op'ning Bud, nor Blossom here is found,
 But baneful Hemlock spreads the barren Ground.
 This Place of Horror with loud Cries I fill,
 While briny Tears my sleepless Eyes distil.
 My Pipe no more is tun'd to jovial Strains,
 But, in despairing Notes, of flighted Love complains;

A

A PASTORAL.

15

And pitying Eccho, from the Hills around,
With social Grief, repeats the mournful Sound.

Be still my Pipe ; ye Tears forget to flow ;

17 Ye fruitless Cries, forbear to speak my Woe.

Complaints are vain which ne'er can reach her Ear,

Or if they shou'd, she unconcern'd wou'd hear.

Cease, Shepherd, Cease ; no more thy Passion name ;

18 Whate'er displeases is a guilty Flame.

In Silence wait, till welcome Death shall prove

The last sad Instance of thy Truth and Love.

THIRDS.

Ah! Woman, who shall sing the various Wiles,

19 by which thy Sex poor heedless Man beguiles ?

vain to attempt ! And sure the Setting Sun,

200

20 You'd dip i'th' Ocean e'er the Tale were done.

DAPHNIS,

DAPHNIS, whose fable Locks, with comely Grace Cup,
 Adorn the manly Beautys of his Face;
 He, whose sweet Pipe affords such vast Delight;
 Who tells such Wonders in a starry Night;
 With fruitless Love, pursues a flying Fair,
 Deaf to his Suit, regardless of his Care.

Ill-judging Maid! To so much Merit blind!

Can any Nymph to *DAPHNIS* prove unkind!

In yonder Cave the mourning Shepherd dwells,

And vainly tries the Pow'r of Magick Spells.

Increase thy Flocks, Swain; those alone are Charms

Can bring the Fair to thy desiring Arms.

MOPSUS, for want of Words, with Gifts assails;

Yet even giving *MOPSUS* sometimes fails.

A PASTORAL

17

by *AMARTLLIS* once his Presents took;
Grace Cup, two Turtles and a gilded Crook;
when he gave no more, with Scoffs, the Swain forsook.
The Miser *ALCON*, when, with Beauty fir'd,
blooming *PHILLIDA* his Soul desir'd; 220
Old and Feeble, courted with Success;
s'd with his Wealth, She favour'd his Address.
trott'ring Dotard to his Icy Bed,
Crouds of envying Nymphs, the Virgin led;
now, with Pleasure, views his teeming Bride; 225
what he wanted, *CORTDON* supply'd.

MICON.

Tails;ough, young Swains; here let Contention end;
my Judgment, and believe your Friend.

E

With

With haughty Maids a Sigh but ill prevails,
 And He provokes, who at their Folly rails.
 By turns they please us, and by turns they vex;
 No more with Trifles then your Minds perplex;
 AMYNTAS sweetly sings, and THYRSIS knows the Sex.

FINIS,



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